

THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Incorporated in Louisiana, under the laws of the State of Louisiana, on the 10th day of August, 1852.

VOL. VIII.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD.

James Madison Wells is a native of Louisiana, born in Rapides Parish, and graduated early in life as the accomplished stable boy to a famous race-course jockey. In the haste of preparing him for the world his moral and mental education was necessarily omitted, but an equivalent was supplied by a thorough insatiation of those arts by which the favorite horse can be bull-dozed into defeat and the "scrub" landed under the string as the winner. But the ambition to "rise out of the prison of his mean estate" burned fiercely in the youthful bosom of Mr. Wells, and by strict attention to business and an utter disregard of those conventional proprieties which mar the fortune of less ambitious youths, he soon became famous throughout the Southwest as a successful gambler. His jockey who knew perfectly the temper with which Mr. Wells was not familiar: "How the horse that ought not to win could infallibly be made to win." A fame like this brought the youthful Wells into conspicuous notice on the race course; so much so, indeed, that the owners of Leocompt proposed to Mr. Wells that, if he could fix it so that their horse could beat Lexington in the famous race over the Metairie in 1852, he might claim and receive whatever reward he desired.

To use a forcible, but not polite expression, this was nuts for Mr. Wells to crack. He was head groom to Lexington and knew just how to prevail on that gallant racer to fall behind in the struggle. Suffice it to say, his expectations were not disappointed, and Mr. Wells shortly thereafter turned up as a part owner of Leocompt. Lexington's subsequent triumph over the "time" of his fleet competitor in no wise diminished the reputation Mr. Wells had acquired as an astute and successful operator on the turf. So much so, indeed, that shortly afterward his ingenious devices were employed to engineer a "brace game of faro" in a noted bird-house on St. Charles street in New Orleans. In this rube and successful pursuit Mr. Wells rapidly acquired the means to establish himself in a lucrative gambling business, and he discarded forever the blue jacket and striped cap of the jockey. Into this unpretentious but serene life he was quietly subsiding when the war broke out, and to escape the necessity of taking any share in its burdens he immediately betook himself to the sequestered swamps of Rapides parish, to emerge into public life again as soon as the Federal troops under Banks had got full possession of the State. Although Mr. Wells had never devoted any part of his life to agricultural pursuits, no sooner had the Federal troops entered his district than he immediately set up a claim to all the cotton in the parish. So large property owner, Gen. Banks, as a citizen, and he thereupon certified to the country that the only real and upright Louisianian with whom he had met was J. Madison Wells, of Rapides Parish. From this time forth J. Madison's stars rained fortunes on him.—He became a politician, an aspirant for office, and ran on Banks' reconstruction ticket in 1864 for Lieutenant-Governor, the first place being assigned to Michael Hahn. Of course, he was elected. Nobody but loyal people voted in Louisiana in those days, or at least those whom General Banks accounted loyal.

The next thing which came about was the election of Hahn to the Senate, and then J. Madison Wells, the whilom jockey, the expert groom, the ingenious croupier to the Bird House faro hell, leaped at one gigantic bound into the full-fledged Governor—a political nondescript, as remarkable as Minerva when she sprang full-armed and panoplied for war from the head of Jove. Of his subsequent career it is unnecessary to speak at length. Unhappy for Louisiana, it is already familiar to the country.

His white associate on the Returning Board, General Thomas C. Anderson, is less deserving of special mention. He is a Virginian by birth, and has been a planter in St. Landry parish for forty years. When politics were reputable and white men ruled in Louisiana General Anderson was respectable. He held high rank in the militia, and his courageous intrepidity on muster days won him the distinction of a brigadier.—An admirer of the old axiom to let well enough alone, he surrendered his military emoluments at the breaking out of the war and generously permitted his less distinguished countrymen to seek "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." But if the sword no longer fascinated the Opelousas brigadier, he was not insensible to the honors which might be acquired in the Senate—the State Senate—and he met with Henry Allen, the great war Governor of Louisiana, at Shreveport. When this body adjourned, Gen. Anderson returned to his plantation but came back into public life with the advent of Warmoth's administration. In consideration of a promise by Warmoth to send him to the Senate, he became his facile supporter and convenient henchman. But Warmoth was accustomed to use such men without rewarding them, and when too late to redress his grievance, General Anderson discovered that a carpet-bagger's promise was full of guile and deceit. Nevertheless, he was permitted to engineer through the Legislature a claim for \$150,000, founded on the disloyal service of provisions supplied by a man named Weil to the Southern army. Think of a loyal legislator passing such a claim. But General Anderson alleged that he had purchased his patriotism by giving him an order on the treasury for the original sum of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Thus supplied with the sinews of war, the General pushed his political career into Kellogg's term, lured thereto by his gorgeous dreams of the senatorial toga, which, alas! the election of Pinchback momentarily dispelled, but which Kellogg again re-

THREE THINGS TO DO.

He is said to be a benefactor to his race who causes "two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before;" this being true, there are several ways by which farmers may secure a tenfold production where but meagre nutritious vegetation now appears. Many ditch banks are now unsightly from tangled briars and weeds; let these be dug up and thrown ten or twelve yards into the field and there burned; then let the bank of the ditch be thrown as far as convenient with hoe and shovel towards the burnt mass, and the next crop, with good cultivation, will amply repay the labor, and leave, for years to come, a garden spot of decided beauty, verdure and fertility up to the ditch's edge.

Is there a hill-side wash defacing your field, fill it with decaying logs, bark, leaves and straw, and over all a layer of soil; then for water vent, dig a trench, placing the dirt compactly on the lower side, descending the hill with as gradual a slope as possible, after which so arrange your rows as to allow the waters to pass off through this trench with as little descent as may be.—In a little time the decaying debris will make the ghastly chasm a cheering view of golden grain or snowy cotton, while the conquering farmer will feel that he has not only enhanced the value of, but beautified his landscape and curbed the fierce torrents to his will. Is there a dense forest bordering your farm, whose searching roots eat out the fertility of your fields far inland? Cut a trench a spade's width and two feet deep, bordering your fence—thus cutting the roots—and next year and years after ward the crowing crops, abundant and thrifty, will look defiance at the forest and its shade.

Now is a good time to do these things, and the reward in every instance will be sure.—*Southern Farmer.*

WORKING LAND ON SHARES.—Working land on shares seems to be a poor business for both parties. It is to the interest of the tenant to spend as little for extra labor as possible, because the owner of the land gets half the benefit, without bearing any of the expense. When the country was new and the land rich, a man could, perhaps, afford to give half the produce, as he could get fair crops with little labor; but now that the land is more or less run down, and it is necessary to build it up with manure and good culture, it is impossible for a man to expend the necessary labor and give half the produce for rent. It may be done for a year or two on land in high condition; but the farm must inevitably deteriorate under the system. A man might afford to rent a grass farm on shares, but not an arable farm. It is difficult to take one of our ordinary run-down farms and raise enough from it, for the first few years, to pay the cost of labor and support the team. It would be cheaper, so far as immediate profit is concerned, to pay one hundred dollars an acre for a farm in high condition, with good buildings and fences, than to accept as a gift one of these run-down farms. It is time this matter was understood, so that those uneasy mortals who are always expecting to sell, and consequently make no efforts to keep up and improve the land, should be compelled to turn over a new leaf, or else dispose of their farms at a low figure.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Shortly before his departure for India, the lamented Heber preached a sermon, which contained this beautiful sentiment: "Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms on our young heads, their flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us, we are excited, at home short-lived disappointment.—The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal."

Bring distinctly before your own mind the well-known fact that children delight as much in exercising their minds as their limbs, provided only that which is presented to them be suited to their capacities, and adapted to their strength.

THE PIG FOR THE SOUTH.

Black or slate-colored pigs are freest from skin diseases in hot climates. The choice is practically between the Essex and Berkshire for males with which to improve the native stock of hardy grubbers of the root-or-die variety. Those who have tried the former have been delighted at first, but after a few years begin to recall with longing the lean hams and thin but solid and flavorful bacon of the old race horse breed. The trouble with the Essex pigs for the South is that they are not active enough. They are of the eat-and-sleep, and sleep-and-awake-to-eat kind, and their grades are, of course, like them. The side fat is superb, and so is the leaf lard, and so far the breed is all that could be desired. But the hams and shoulders are too fat for profit, and the ham is not marbled with fat like the Berkshires. These (the Berks) are much more enterprising, more wide awake, less easily controlled, but good foragers. Their grades are a wonderful improvement upon the original stock, may be made very fat, and yet the proportion between fat and lean in the hams, shoulders and side pork or bacon is such as to develop and preserve the excellencies of the meat. The hams are large and rich, and juicy with diffused fat. Berkshires are not quite so easily fattened when penned and systematically fed as the Essex grade, but they will take much better care of themselves in the woods, and when penned for fattening may be finished off with half the feed the original "land pikes" would require.

With many Northern and Western breeders the Essex is a more profitable pig than the Berkshire, because his nature leads him to take little exercise, so that all he eats goes to flesh and fat. Respiration, which, if rapid, reduces fat greatly, is with him never accelerated by moving about, and with plenty of feed, the sole burden of life is to digest it. This breed is pre-eminent among the black breeds, and excelled by none as fat producers.—*American Agriculturist.*

RAISING CORN AND PEAS.—Plant and scratch over the corn in the usual way until knee-high; then sow peas broadcast before the plough. Run the bar of a turning plough over the corn, and follow with a bull-tongue in the same furrow, as deep as one person can pull it through stiff clay never before stirred since the world was made. Having run around the rows thus, then go back and turn the wing next the corn, and follow with the bull-tongue in each furrow of the middles. The turner just prepares the way for your bull-tongue to do ploughing that will benefit the crop. If you have planted in checks, you should then cross with a good harrow, and your crop is then "laid by."

One ploughing and subsiding in this way, is worth more to the corn than twenty common scratchings. It breaks through and causes to pulverize the crust then beginning to be formed; and it prevents any more crust from forming during the season; and the roots of the corn go down and take hold of the elements upon which it feeds, and permeate every part of that deep, loose bed, and bid defiance to any drought that may come.

This system secures, even on thin land, a good crop of both corn and peas, without rain in summer. Turn under the vines and stalks, all chopped up, and soon you will make your farm rich without expense or extra labor.—*Rural Sun.*

THE TORTURE OF BEARING-REINS.—The severe bearing-rein, as used by coachmen generally, is nothing more nor less than horrible and needless torture to the poor suffering horse—torture while in harness and the cause of infernal maladies when he is put back into his stall for food and supposed rest. If there is one thing more opposed to natural health than another it is the increased production and then the waste of the saliva which is so necessary to the functions of the body. Who ever saw a horse in a field foaming at the mouth? Who ever saw a properly bitted hunter do so when ridden to bounds in an easy bit and obedient to a light hand? I never saw it, nor do I think any one else has seen it; therefore, to begin with, the position of the carriage horse's head, gagged with a bearing-rein out of place, and that profusion of saliva ever falling from the mouth, must show something essentially wrong. The perpetually tossing head arises from the fevered state of the poor animal, and his consequent attempts to get rid of an irritating irritation, and not from the vulgar idea of a fiery wish to be put in action. Of this I am certain, that the less artificial constraint you put into a horse's mouth the better.—The less you cumber his graceful limbs with lumber in the shape of harness the better. The freer you keep his limbs and his respiratory organs the longer he will serve you, and the greater will be the labor he will perform for you.—*Granley F. Berkeley.*

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

Fast falls the snow on St. Bernard's high mountain. Storing its wealth in the gullies below: Hiding the streamlet, and sealing the fountain, And making the valley a wild waste of snow. Nature is silent—the winds are all sleeping; Ceaseless and stillly the snowy-flakes fall: Mute the monks of St. Bernard are keeping Their vigils around the red blaze in the hall. Crash!—'tis an avalanche! Silence no longer. Comes with night, and the winds cry aloud, The wrath of the tempest grows stronger and stronger, Wrapping St. Bernard around with a shroud. Holy St. Bernard! succor the dying. Where but this instant the avalanche fell: Mother and child in the deep snow are lying. Making their grave in the cold mountain dell. No! there is one who is eagerly tearing The hillock of snow from the child's freezing breast. And now he in triumph is rapidly bearing Away to the convent a perishing guest. Robbed of her child, as it quits her embraces, Life comes to the mother, its value has fled. Of her first, of her only born, gone are all traces. Save on the snow-wreath that pillow'd its head. See! the bereft one with wild terror screaming, Flies o'er the mountain—away and away; Frenzied itself has no hope of redeeming Her child, to the wolf or the eagle a prey. She reaches the convent—she faints at the portals— She is borne to the hall, and to life is restored; She sunk at the gates the most hopeless of mortals. And sought, him in dying the child she adored She opens her eyes—on her babe!—on her treasure. Once more on her mother her darling has smiled, She weeps, but such tears have their fountain in pleasure. The dog of the mountain has rescued her child.

HOUSEKEEPER'S HELP.—I notice that some one in your journal asks how to wash flannels. The following directions are given by the blanket manufacturers: "All that is necessary is abundance of soft water, and soap without rosin in it. Rosin hardens the fibres of wool, and should never be used in washing any kind of flannel goods. Blankets treated as above will always come out clean and soft. A little bluing may be used in washing white blankets." The same principle which is applied to blankets, may be as successfully applied to all woolen fabrics. Of course all well regulated groceries keep soaps free from resinous preparations.

A DELICIOUS AND EASILY MADE STEW.—Which may be left in a low oven several hours, or even all day. Take two pounds of gray beef, cut off the skin and fat, divide it into pieces about an inch square, wash it, then place it in a large bowl or small crock, cover it with water, or rather add as much as desired for gravy or beef-tea; let it stand an hour, then cover it with a plate, and place it in a slow oven, adding previously a little salt, and, if liked, an onion cut up fine. It should cook four or five hours, and then there will be enough gravy for delicious and most nutritious beef-tea, as well as an excellent dish of wholesome meat.

PIE CRUST.—The most healthy pie crust is made of thin, sweet cream and flour, with a little salt. Don't knead thin. Bake in a quick oven. Another way is, sift a quart or two of flour in the pan. Stir in the centre a little salt and half a teaspoonful of soda, well pulverized. Now put in the whole cup of soft (not liquid) lard, or butter and lard, mixed; stir it thoroughly with the flour; next add two scant cups of good sour milk or buttermilk. Stir all quickly with the flour, in such a way that you need hardly touch it with your hands till you can roll it out. Bake quick. This will make three or four pies.

DRESSED MUTTON.—To have it as it should be, the dish must be lined with mashed potatoes, the mutton nicely minced and properly seasoned, placed in the dish, a little stock added, and then covered over with mashed potatoes roughed with a fork, and placed before the fire till the little dish assumes the appearance of a nicely-browned hedgehog. The hotter served the better it will be relished, provided it has only been allowed to simmer and not to boil.

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark—"They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stoop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse.—Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Alexander's Messenger.*

JOY AND SORROW OF CHILDREN.—Children sweeten labor, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.—*Lord Bacon.*

Every man is said to have at least one chance to acquire wealth. In the case of a newspaper man, this opportunity comes on the 29th of February every year, except leap year.

DUST FOR ANIMALS IN WINTER.

The almost indispensable necessity of an ample supply of dust for animals in winter, is understood by very few stock growers. All sorts of animals delight in a dust bath.—Chickens who have easy and continual access to it will never be troubled with vermin, either in their houses or on their bodies. Cattle delight to stand in a dusty road, scraping it up with their fore-feet and flinging it all over their backs. The cheapest and most effectual cure for lice on cattle is to scatter a quart of perfectly dry dust along the spine, from the horns to the tail. In winter, when they cannot get it, many animals become covered with vermin. The writer has a rain tight wagon shed, with strips eight inches wide nailed close to the ground on three sides, into which half a dozen wheelbarrow loads of dust are placed every fall. Here the poultry delight to wallow and roll in the sun. It is also kept and used on all the other stock at stated intervals, and no vermin of any sort is ever seen on any of them. This is at once the most certain remedy for these pests, while the stock thrives by being supplied with what they crave, and what in a state of nature they would surely supply themselves with, but which they cannot when restrained and tied up in yards and stables.—*Prairie Farmer.*

"CLOSED FOR RETURNS."—At eight o'clock yesterday morning the proprietor of a small saloon, on Baubein street put down the curtains, locked the door, and was walking off when he was hailed by a policeman. The saloonist crossed the street to the officer and said: "Dot blace is glosed up for von week." "What is the matter?" asked the officer. "Well, I can't stand such fooling around. In the first place a man comes in and says: 'Well, Dilden is elected,' and he kicks off the chairs. Pooty soon comes anudder man in and he says: 'Hooray! Hayes has got 'em now!' and he kicks off a dable.—Anudder man in a lettle while comes in and galls out: 'Nobody is elected any more!' and he preaks some glasses. Shust like dot has it been for a week, and I am glean discouraged. If somedoy says Dilden is elected, I believe dot; if somedoy says Hayes is elected, I believe dot; if somedoy says nobody is elected, I feels licks dis goudtry vhas going to some dogs right away." "Yes, it does both one!" consoled the officer. "Tell all der poyts dot I have glosed up for returns, and dot somedody gant get in," replied the man, and he turned his face homeward.—*Richmond Whig.*

BUT WHERE'S THE CAT?—The skeleton of a cat walked into Ryan's store at Hoboken. Ryan seeing her bawled out, "Mickey, didn't I tell ye a month ago to fade that a pound of mate a day until ye had her fat?" "You did, and I am just after fading her a pound." "Has that cat ate a pound this morning?" "Yes sir." "Shure, I think it's a lie ye're telling.—Bring me that scales. Now bring me that cat." The cat turned the scale at exactly one pound. "There, didn't I tell ye she had eaten a pound of mate this mornin'?" "All right, my boy; there's yer pound of mate, but where the devil's the cat?"—*New York Mail.*

CABBAGE CULTURE.—The question is of frequent occurrence, says *Landreth's Rural Register*, why cannot private families have head cabbage as early as the market gardeners? Simply because of imperfect culture and insufficient manuring. The market gardener feeds his cabbage crop without stint, and with the rankest food; frequently ploughs in the manure in the autumn, turns it up in the spring, and thoroughly incorporates it with the soil—plants early, cultivates deeply, not simply tickling the surface with the hand-hoe, but uses the plough, and the horse-hoe; that cannot always be done in the comparatively small family garden, but the spade can be used, and that is the next best thing. Use it freely, dig deeply, and the result will surprise those who have heretofore relied upon the hoe alone.—*American Farmer.*

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters: 1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

About 400 shanties are far out on the ice in Saginaw Bay. These structures are made of thin wood, lined with heavy building paper, and rest on runners, so that they may be moved readily. The inhabitants are fishermen, who cut holes through the ice and capture great quantities of fish.—The population is over a thousand, and there are stores, saloons and a hotel in this strange village, which will probably last until March.

THE BEST FRIEND.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Leasing.*